

The Gallaudet Guide, AND DEAF MUTE'S COMPANION.

An Independent Monthly Journal, --- Devoted to the Interests of Deaf Mutes.

VOL. I.

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NO. 4

The Gallaudet Guide,

DEAF MUTE'S COMPANION.
PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH BY
"THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION
OF DEAF MUTES."

Devoted to the interests of Deaf Mutes in
particular, but designed to contribute to the in-
formation of all.

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sertion in the paper should be sent to William
Martin Chamberlain, South Reading, Mass.

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WHEN I AM OLD.

When I am old, and, O, how soon
Will life's sweet morning yield to noon;
And noon's broad, ancient, earnest light,
Be shaded in the solemn night,
Till like a story well nigh told,
Will seem my life, when I am old.

When I am old, this breezy earth,
Will lose for me its voice of mirth;
The streams will have an under tone
Of sadness, not by right their own,
And Spring her beauty in vain unfold
In rosy charms—when I am old.

When I am old, I shall not care
To deck with flowers my faded hair,
'Twill be no vain desire of mine
In rich and costly dress to shine;
The fairest jewels, and brightest gold,
Will charm me not—when I am old.

When I am old, my friends will be
Old and infirm, and bowed like me;
Or else their bodies 'neath the sod,
Their spirits dwelling safe with God;
The old church bell will long have tolled,
Above the rest—when I am old.

When I am old, I'd rather bend,
Thus sadly o'er each buried friend,
Than see them lose the earnest truth
That marks the friendship of our youth;
'Twill be so sad to have them cold,
Or strange to me—when I am old.

When I am old, O how it seems,
Like the wild lunacy of dreams;
To picture in prophetic rhyme
The dim, far distant, shadowy time,
So distant that it seems o'er bold,
Even to say—when I am old.

When I am old—perhaps ere then
I shall be missed from haunts of men,
Perhaps my dwelling will be found
Beneath the green and quiet mound,
My name by stranger hands enrolled,
Among the dead—ere I am old.

When I am old—that is not now,
For youth sits lightly on my brow;
My limbs are firm, and strong and free,
Life has a thousand charms for me,
Charms that will long their influence hold,
Within my heart—when I am old.

The Last of the Randolphs.

Abridged from the N. Y. Ledger.

It was my first Sabbath in a new home;
my first appearance among those who
were to be, hereafter, acquaintances,
neighbors, and the best, truest friends
whom Heaven ever gave to mortal. It
was an unpretending village church;—
a well built, commodious edifice, its in-
terior neatly and conveniently furnished,
and now filled with a congregation, which
I surveyed with mingled curiosity and
diffidence.

During the hush that immediately pre-
ceded the opening services of the morn-
ing, a man walked up the aisle. A quick,
somewhat irregular step; a form slightly
bowed with time or care—and a profusion
of long, white hair, curling upon his
shoulders; these were all the observations
I had time to make during his progress
to his seat. As he passed the pulpit, he
paused and raised his hand to his fore-
head in graceful recognition. The min-
ister, just returned after his summer vaca-
tion, acknowledged the salutation, and
the stranger entered a pew on the right
of the pulpit, and directly opposite to
that in which I sat. After setting his hat
on the window seat, near by, he drew off
his gloves and placed them, with his rid-
ing whip, within it; then, kneeling on the
bench, folded his hands and bowed his
head in an attitude of deep devotion; this
act of silent worship concluded, he re-
sumed his place, and throughout the ser-
vices behaved with the utmost decorum,
seeming to be pleased with the singing;
rising with the rest when prayer was of-
fered, and regarding the minister with
great apparent attention. He may have
been sixty five years of age, but his eye
was still full and dark, and would have
been beautiful, but for the fitful glare that
told the sad story of the mind's wander-
ings. His complexion was pale; his fea-
tures were regular, and they must, in ear-
ly life, have been remarkably handsome.

Years before I had heard my mother
describe a certain young Mr. Randolph,
a deaf mute, whom she had met in her
childhood. He had just returned from
Paris when she saw him, to which place
he had been sent to be educated; was high-
ly intelligent and accomplished, and ex-
tremely social. She was charmed by his
dark curls, bright eyes and pleasant smile
but being afraid of the way he communi-
cated, by means of a small slate which
he carried, she did not converse much
with him, although he attempted it.

Afterwards I had read John Ran-
dolph's brief but mournful description of
the earliest symptoms of lunacy in this,
his nephew and legal heir—knew what a
poisoned thorn in his haughty soul, was
the reflection, whose expression was torn
from him by bitter anguish: "Not a drop
of Logan's blood—father's blood—ex-
cept St. George, the most bereaved and
pitiable of the step-sons of Nature!"

Thus writes the orator of Roanoke to
his intimate friend, Francis S. Key, Esq.:
"My departure from Richmond was as
sudden as the occasion was mournful and
distressing. My eldest nephew, St.
George, in consequence of an unsuccess-
ful attachment to Miss——, the daugh-
ter of a worthy neighbor of his mother,
had become unsettled in his intellect, and
on my arrival at Farmville, I found him
a frantic maniac." * * * * *

We have no hopes of his restoration."
The first intimation of his unsettled
state of mind was given by his throwing
his purse, with its contents, into the fire,
while on a visit to an acquaintance. His
uncle was instantly sent for; on his arri-
val, he found his nephew struggling in
the arms of the attendants. Mr. Ran-
dolph ventured near the lunatic, and was
received with a burst of rage and a violent
blow in the face, the scar of which he car-
ried to his grave.

St. George was never again wholly ra-
tional, and after several months, he was
sent to the "Maryland Hospital" at Bal-
timore. He remained there many years.

The majority of the community in

which he lived, forgot his name and
existence. At length one, whose friend-
ship for the dead, and whose business
relations with the entombed living, gave
him a right to act in the case, visited the
Asylum, and on learning that he was gen-
tle and harmless, although his lunacy was
considered incurable, he released him
from confinement, engaging to take care
of him while he lived; and so, after being
shut up for twenty five years, St. George
once more trod the earth, a free man.

His habits were simple and regular,
and his temper and behavior, mild and in-
offensive. Residing in the family of his
guardian, he soon became a familiar ob-
ject in the neighborhood, and while his
infirmities furnished food for mirth for
the thoughtless or the unfeeling, those of
more refinement and better taste treated
him with kindness.

Unless hindered by sickness or very
bad weather, he was always in his seat at
church, and the same regularity marked
his performance of other Christian duties.
He never failed to ask a blessing upon and
return thanks for every meal, and his
seasons of secret prayer were stated and
frequent. Much of his reading was of a
serious nature. The Bible was a daily
study, and next to this, he seemed to rank
"Pilgrim's Progress" a copy of which he
kept on the table near his bed. To the
day of his death, he carried with him a
small book of Scripture stories, which his
mother had given him in his childhood.

In showing the pictures it contained,
he would point to the anchor and beards
of the Patriarchs, and say that he wore
his own untrimmed, in imitation of them.

Of his mother he always spoke with ar-
dent affection and evident emotion. He
particularly delighted to tell of her relig-
ious teachings, and would describe, with
gestures as touching as truthful, how she
taught him; when a mere babe, to kneel
beside her, and taking his small hands
in hers, showed him how to say "Our
Father, who art in Heaven."

His regard for sacred things amount-
ed to veneration, as the following anec-
dote, related to me by his pastor will
show:—"I had been in Charlotte but a
week or two, and was staying at the house
of Dr.——. One day he called me
from my books, to witness what he called
a 'curious study'."

Entering his office
I found St. George Randolph there, of
whom I had heard much, but never be-
foreseen. He stood with his back to the
door, as I went in, not knowing that he
had a visitor. Presently he turned his
head, and saw me, and supposing me to
be one of the young men of the village,
he caught up a pistol that lay on the table
and presented it at my breast, with a fe-
rocious frown and a stamp of the foot. I
smiled, believing the pistol to be empty,
and knowing that even if it were loaded,
he would not fire, for he was never dan-
gerous. Dropping the muzzle, he laughed
and nodded, saying I was no coward, and
shook hands with me in compliment to
my courage. Dr.——, wrote on a slip
of paper—"A minister of the Gospel,"—
and gave it to him. An instant change
came over him; an expression of deep re-
pentance overspread his face; clasping
his hands, he fell on his knees, and by his
face and action, seemed to be imploring
pardon from Heaven for some wicked
deed; then rising, he offered me his hand
with an affecting air of humiliation.—
Whenever I met him afterwards, he would
always refer to the circumstances of our
introduction.

On meeting a new acquaintance, he
would inquire what was his profession,
and would immediately make some sign
descriptive of the same. For instance,
having once seen Dr.—— pull a tooth, he
always referred to him by a laughably ac-
curate imitation of the operation. To de-
scribe me, he would put his hands togeth-
er and bow his head in prayer, and
then extend them as in animated speech."

His pantomimic language was well un-
derstood by all those who were accustomed
to see and converse with him. I watched
him one morning, while he was engaged

in prayer and meditation, as usual with
him before the general church services.
First, he looked upwards, and raised
his hands, as in wonder and adoration o-
f the Supreme Being. Then his head fell
upon his breast, he pointed to his heart,
and shook his head mournfully, and re-
peated again and again, a gesture denot-
ing utter worthlessness, and concluded
by folding his hands on his breast, with
the action and the countenance of a trust-
ing child.

To describe a liar, he made an imagin-
ary slit in his tongue, in allusion to the
ancient punishment of lying. His gen-
eral humor was very pleasant, but in his
likes and dislikes, particularly in his re-
sentment towards those whom he thought
had wronged him, he showed a strength
of passion and feeling, that made one
tremble at the thought of the emotions
which had hurried reason from her seat.

He always remembered that it was his
guardian who had released him from the
Asylum, and he showed his gratitude by
a warmer attachment to him than he had
for any other living person. Among the
few persons whom he knew before his in-
sanity, whom he saw on his return to
Charlotte after an absence of twenty five
years, was a gentleman whom he refused
to recognise. A person thinking he
might have forgotten him, wrote the gen-
tleman's name on a piece of paper and
gave it to him; St. George instantly wrote
under the name "voted for Epes against
Randolph," and turned his back on the
old political enemy of his uncle. Twenty
five years had elapsed since the election
referred to; the only one in which John
Randolph was defeated as a candidate for
Congress, yet the nephew refused to rec-
ognize a man whom he knew had voted
against his uncle.

July 15th, 1814, John Randolph wrote
to Judge Brockenbrough,—"Poor St.
George continues quite irrational. He is
however, very little mischievous, and gov-
erned pretty easily; his memory of per-
sons, things, words and even's, is not at all
impaired, but he has no power of combi-
nation, and is entirely incoherent."

Forty years later, this description of
him was as accurate as on the day it was
written. He read much, and studied
with seeming earnestness, various books
in different languages, a habit, that ren-
dered yet more striking the fact, that every
attempt to prove from his writing, which
was to him speech, that his mind ever
kept its balance for more than a minute
at a time, was a complete failure.

The longest connected sentence he ever
wrote after his misfortune is supposed
to be the following promissory note, now
in the possession of his guardian's son—
John Randolph Cardwell, Esq., of Char-
lotte, Va.

"After sixty days, I promise to pay
\$5,000 for value received. Yours, etc,
St. George Rolfe,
'of the world, if true.'"

Even in this line—scarcely more than
a dozen words—the mind swerved from
the right path, before the pen left the pa-
per, as is proved by the senseless adden-
da to the name—"of the world, if true."

The "St. George Rolfe" was his usual
signature, and he stoutly upheld his right
to subscribe himself thus, in virtue of
his descent from Pocahontas.

In his person he was scrupulously neat
and in manner eminently graceful; his
love of fine horses amounted to a passion
and he was a fearless rider. His bear-
ing towards ladies was gallant and re-
spectful and his fondness for their socie-
ty was undiminished by the destruction of
all his earthly hopes by one of their sex.

His last illness was brief and although
he seemed to suffer intensely, yet he bore
the pain with remarkable patience. He
was the first to discover that he was dy-
ing and taking the hand of his guardian,
who sat by his bedside, signified to him
that he could live but a little longer.

A few moments before his death, he
turned to him again, and with an expres-
sive countenance, pointed upwards and

clapped his hands in exultation, assuring
him that he was perfectly prepared. He
then with perfect composure, deliberat-
ly closed his own eyes, straightened him-
self in bed, folded his arms upon his
breast, and expired—

"Like one
Who wrap the drapery of his couch about him,
And lies down to pleasant dreams."

The tolling of the bell, on the Decem-
ber afternoon of his burial, was to most
of the inhabitants of the village the first
news of his death. Alone in life, alone
in death, he sleeps in the small grave
yard of the Village Church, Charlotte C.
H. Va., without a stone to mark his pil-
low.

THE BLIND DISCIPLE.

While a resident a few years ago, in
Western Asia, I knew a Christian Arab,
of whose example, as one full of impor-
tant suggestion, it has been a pleasure
often to think since my return to my na-
tive shores. He was an old man, feeble
and tottering with years, totally blind,
and very poor. I know not whether he
yet lives. But, for a long series of years,
he devoted his time and strength to the
cause of his Redeemer with an ardor
which, in his circumstances, seemed al-
most sublime. In addition to the charge
of a school, of from twenty to thirty
youth, in his humble dwelling, where,
with the assistance of his son, he long
taught and preached the Lord Jesus
Christ, he was greatly interested in the
distribution of the Holy Scriptures and
religious tracts. Blind though he was,
he loved to load his donkey with the pre-
cious burden, and, procuring a little boy
to lead him, go forth on foot from village
to village, on the slopes and in the val-
leys of the goodly Lebanon, spreading
the light of life among his benighted
countrymen. Eighteen years ago he was
old, and said he must "work fast," in
order to "redeem the time." But year
after year he still toiled on, as though he
intended never to lay aside his work till
he laid down his life. "Poor old blind
man!" most men would exclaim on seeing
him slowly wending his way on his er-
rands of mercy. But it were well if we
were all as rich as he,—as rich in faith
and love, and good works,—and as likely
to reap the rewards of faithful effort to
turn sinners from the error of their way,
and save souls from death.

What an amount of good can be ac-
complished by the humblest instruments,
when the heart is right. And what a re-
buke is such an example to the multitudes
in lands more highly favored, who con-
tent themselves with doing nothing, be-
cause they are so unlearned, so poor, so
old, so weak, in circumstances so fa-
vorable.—Tract Journal.

Serving a notice on a Minister.—The
Rev. Solomon Moor was the minister of
the Presbyterian church in New Boston,
N. H., at the time of the revolution.—
Among his Elders was Deacon Robert
Patterson, a pretty fair specimen of a
good old Presbyterian Deacon—a Whig
in politics; and withal a man of great ec-
centricity of manners. This last quality
would often come out in some amusing
way. One day, while Mr. Moor was
away, three miles from home, at a gath-
ering of tory friends for whom he was
suspected of having affinity, his little son
strayed into the woods, and was instan-
tly killed by the fall of a tree. Deacon
P. was summoned to convey the melan-
choly intelligence to the absent minister.
Throwing down his hat in the field where
he was at work, he started off at a run
and never broke his gait until he reach-
ed the place of meeting. Bursting open
the door, he exclaimed—"Here you are
drinking and carousing with your tory
friends, while your only son is lying a
corpse at your house. If you don't mend
your ways, a worse evil will come upon
you!" and turning on his heel, he struck
a bee-line back to his field, where he put
on his hat and went to work again.—
Manchester Dollar Mirror.

THE GALLAUDET GUIDE, AND DEAF MUTE'S COMPANION.

BOSTON, APRIL, 1860.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Several letters having been sent to the Boston Post Office for us during the past month, we take this method of requesting that all letters of enquiry, or articles for the 'Guide,' be directed to WM. MARTIN CHAMBERLAIN, SOUTH READING, MASS. We shall then get them sooner, and they will not, as heretofore, be opened by those to whom they do not belong. Several communications laid over to our next number.

There are but two articles in this number of our paper, in reference to the subject of a deaf and dumb Asylum in Massachusetts; we preferred to insert our correspondence, and we trust that most of our readers will agree with us when we say that we think there has been enough said about the project, both for and against it, to enable any reasonable man to come to a conclusion respecting the merits of the case. No farther action has been taken by the Legislature, and we think the success of the scheme is to say the least, doubtful. In beginning an enterprise of any kind, it is important that the plans should be thoroughly understood and accurately laid down before any action is taken in the premises; all things which are calculated in any way to injure its interests should be carefully avoided, and every precaution should be taken to lay a sure and safe foundation; and, above all, there should be no attempt to build up or push forward the undertaking at the expense of the reputation of any other person or thing. No project however desirable, which has the ruined character of another for its foundation or a part thereof, or which it is attempted to found on such ruins, will ever receive the support of wise and honorable men; it will go from the hands of the originator into the world and be kicked and cuffed backward and forward, till the last vestige of it shall have disappeared, unless it happens to return home, like a bad penny, to plague the inventor. An enterprise which has not sufficient merits of its own to recommend it to the public, and to enable it to dispense with all ungenerous flings at, or insinuations against similar enterprises, which may have been established elsewhere, is not worth the paper it is written on, and does no credit to the good sense of the person who gets it up. We all have our faults, and it becomes us to be generous towards the failings of our neighbors; remembering that our own faults are, in all probability, just as glaring in their eyes as their misdeeds appear to us. Nobody likes to have his faults shown up, and we should bear in mind the Golden Rule: 'Do unto others as ye would have others do to you.'—We often have occasion to appreciate the words of the poet:—

'O would some power the gift give us,
To see ourselves as others see us.'

We think it highly probable that the project will be revived at some future time, and we wish it all success, but we entreat the advocates of the cause, as they value success and the good opinion of the public, to go about it in a manly, fair and honorable way. We have not the least objection to a generous rivalry between two enterprises of a kind; we believe that it is beneficial to both, but when one indulges in injurious reflections on another, with a view to personal advancement thereby, we, for one, will have nothing to do with it.

Mr. Alline, the Register of Deeds for Suffolk county, having resigned his office, rendered a successor necessary. Among the candidates, was Amos Smith, Jr., Esq., of East Boston—a semi-mute, who has been employed as clerk in the office, for twelve years. Mr. Smith accepted the nomination and many exerted their influence in his favor, but he subsequently withdrew his name from the list in favor of Mr. James Rice, another of the candidates. The election took place on Monday, 26th inst., and resulted in the election of Mr. Rice. Just previous to the election, Mr. Smith resigned his position in the office; he will be re-appointed by Mr. Rice.

PERSONAL. Mrs. Parnal M., wife of Rev. Frederick Marsh, died at Winchester Centre, Conn., March 11th, aged 77 years and 7 mos. Mrs. M. was the mother of J. P. Marsh, the esteemed leader of the Deaf Mute Bible Class in Boston, and he was sent for to attend the funeral. He called at our office on his return and reported all right at Hartford which

place he visited. Mr. Marsh has the sympathy of all his friends in the afflicting event which has fallen to his lot, and, what is far better, he mourns not without hope.

PERSONAL.—Mrs Mary S., wife of Thomas Brown, Esq., of West Henniker, N. H., has been very ill of late; it gives us great pleasure to state that she is now in a fair way to recovery.

MEETING OF THE BOSTON DEAF-MUTES CHRISTIAN UNION.—The Annual Meeting of this Association was held at their room in Tremont Temple, Feb. 1st. The meeting was a full one. After the reading and acceptance of the reports of the Treasurer and Secretary, a ballot was had for choice of officers for the ensuing year, which resulted as follows:—

PRESIDENT—Amos Smith, Jr.
VICE PRESIDENT—Geo. Homer.
SECRETARY—Samuel Rowe.
TREASURER—G. A. Holmes.
MEMBERS AT LARGE—Jonathan P. Marsh, Philo W. Packard, George B. Keniston.

How to Make Good Yeast.

Seeing that we are all so fond of good things, among which we may appropriately class the "Staff of Life", I thought it a most agreeable duty to inform my dear "Guide" friends of my manner of making "Best Yeast."

One half a gallon of peeled potatoes, one gallon of water, three large handfuls of hops. Take the potatoes, cut fine, and hops, tied up in a bag; boil them in the water until the potatoes are done, then take the potatoes out, mash and run them through a callender—put them back in the hop water, stirring until they boil; then pour the mixture over a pint of flour and add one cup of sugar, and half a cup of salt. After it is cool enough, add two cups of good yeast, let it stand until it is thoroughly blended, and ceases fermenting, then put it into a jug with the cork tied fast. It will keep two months, if kept in a cool place.

D. P. CLARK.

Peterboro N. H.
We have tried the above and find it all it is recommended to be. It makes good, rich and light bread. Ed.

DEAFNESS FROM INFANCY CURED BY DR. LIGHTHILL.—The Chenango Telegraph of Nov. 23d, 1859, bears the following testimonial to the skill of Dr. Lighthill:—

Our attention has been called to another remarkable cure of impaired hearing which has been performed in our vicinity during a recent visit of Dr. Lighthill to this place. A little son of Mr. Tiffany of King's Settlement, aged nine years, who had been deaf from infancy, was operated on by Dr. Lighthill, and after a week's treatment, hearing was entirely restored. The success of the Doctor in this case (which is only one of a great many) it may well be imagined, was a matter of great rejoicing to the parents.

We give the above for what it is worth, it reminds us of the notorious Dr. Turnbull, who practised in this State and elsewhere, a few years ago. We heard of many instances of his success in curing deafness, but never were able to find any of his patients. Impaired hearing may, doubtless, be cured, but congenital deafness is, we think, incurable. Ed.

A DUMB BOY'S OATH.—In the Court of Probate and Insolvency, Tuesday, a deaf and dumb boy came forward to prove his claim against the insolvent. The debtor admitted the claim to be just—the other creditors were willing that it should be allowed—but how could the deaf and dumb boy repeat the oath? The Judge declined to take official knowledge of the boy's infirmities, as the lad himself had said nothing of them, but held up his own hand, looked the boy directly in the eye, repeated the oath, and nodded. The boy lifted up his right hand, and gave a similar nod. The claim was admitted.—[Worcester Spy.]

—Six years since, a lady living at North Sandwich, N. H., swallowed accidentally a needle. The needle was a shoe needle and a little over an inch long. She was considerably alarmed at the time, but not feeling any inconvenience from it, the circumstance in time passed completely from her memory. A few days since, however, she felt a pricking sensation in her foot, and in course of time the needle was taken from the outer part of the foot near the little toe joint—the wound soon healing without giving her any trouble.

Mr. Editor.—"It is better than nothing" is my apology should the following production of my trembling pen fail to repay the reader.

The subject is, *A deaf mute going to school with the hearing and speaking.*

To begin with my early education; at the age of about six years I began to follow my little playmates into their school which I continued to attend occasionally, though I derived not much benefit from it,—except in simple Arithmetic by constant practice, I obtained some knowledge of it. Division being taught me by the teacher in his awkward way on account of his not understanding the sign language and my being deficient in reading. The forming of the good habit of sitting still was one of the chief benefits of attendance.

I had the rare privilege of having parents who were acquainted with the method of Deaf-mute instruction, having both been educated at the American Asylum, from whom I received some instruction in addition, multiplication, and subtraction and in the construction of short sentences, before I was placed in the American Asylum.

When I attained the age of twelve years I became an inmate of the home that once was Gallaudet's, and I left it after a term of six years ending in the summer of 1857, the following winter was spent in recruiting my health. The next winter I was quite well and anxious to resume my studies. The nearest academy being too far from my parents' house to go to and return the same day in a New Hampshire winter, I chose to enter our District School House once more. I found that for me it was as good in most respects as the Academy. There I met young ladies and men who were mere children like me before I went to Hartford. The short space of my absence had worked great changes in them and me, but without the slightest effect on my memory of the pastimes of childhood. There my studies were History and reviewing Arithmetic of a higher kind. The manner of my silent recitations was as follows: I read with care a lesson in History and then, without looking in the book, wrote an abstract of what I had read, not omitting the dates of the occurrences found in the lesson. The abstract was read and corrected, and sometimes phrases were altered, so as to suit the sense by our excellent teacher. This I did every day through the term; in regard to Arithmetic, I wrought the problems and was assisted by the teacher when I could not do them alone. I had also to study the rules and recite them by writing them on a slate in answer to questions put by the teacher. The regular time devoted to me was about half an hour each day.—Sometimes I wrote essays.

It is unnecessary to say what progress I made or how much good I derived from said school.

I was not lonely when out of school because I had not the sense of hearing, for I enjoyed chit-chat with my school fellows of both sexes, on slates and with the fingers of those who could read the Manual Alphabet quickly; the latter were but four in number, though the others—with a few exceptions, to whom it was Latin,—knew our alphabet, yet their fingers could not move together as well as the legs of an ant; that was the reason the pencil was much used in conversation.

I expressed my ideas merely in words instead of signs as mostly and naturally used in our deaf and dumb institutions.

I know of some, I am sorry to say but few, deaf mutes who have been in such schools with like satisfactory results.

Is not this course worthy of trial by any deaf mutes who wish to improve their minds during the winter while their help is indispensable at home during the other seasons, so as to deprive them of the privilege of longer attendance upon a deaf and dumb institution? If the circumstances are favorable, deaf mutes

may attend District school or Academy through the entire year and be benefitted by so doing, if they have previously acquired a knowledge of written language.

I might have had more to write of myself if I had not been called to go out West to begin a new life after a short term of three months in the District school.

A. WOLVERINE.

We commend the above plan to parents of educated deaf mutes and to educated deaf mutes themselves as worthy of consideration. We do not see any reason why it might not be an advantage to them in a great many cases, and hope such of them as are able will act upon it. [Ed.]

For the Gallaudet Guide.

AN ASYLUM FOR THE MUTES IN MASS.

MR. EDITOR: While you of the North were talking about a State Asylum in your own Massachusetts, I of the South, was counselling the Georgians to propose to other southern States the propriety of having a Universal Institution for the mutes of several clustering states!

My argument is that in separate State Asylums, (and every southern State has one) the pupils are necessarily few, and the teachers materially incompetent; since the most intelligent will have larger salaries, and the expense of having an isolated institution is heavy; whereas by congregating numerous pupils in one location the ability of getting capable instructors, and of building and furniture, is more at hand, from the extent of the patronage.

The Georgia, South Carolina, Louisiana, and other State Asylums, are, so to speak "one horse concerns," because the patronage or number of pupils and State beneficiaries do not supply the best preceptors, etc; whereas at Hartford, to which as a pattern I called public attention, the means from all New England having that one Institution, being more adequate, the instruction is superior.

This argument, if worth anything, applies to your project in Massachusetts. But you say there are so many in your State who are not sent to Hartford. Will they be sent to the State school? If they go not to Hartford, which is not far off from Massachusetts, neither would they to your local school. Where many people have to send or carry children over a night's distance, they will not do it. The strong arm of the law must command the act—and let me inquire, if this arm is to be exerted to fill the Massachusetts Asylum, why is it not done to fill the Hartford? I think the change unnecessary, wild, imprudent, hurtful,—for while Hartford has a Gallaudet High class no mere State Institution will have it; and if the want of space or room in the Hartford Asylum is the matter, it can be enlarged. Custom will bring means.—Deaf Asylums are not like common schools, and have to be extraordinarily supported by extraordinary gatherings.—This I say from a principle of truth, not partiality for any location or body of men. Remember, to educate at Hartford one hundred thousand mutes, in time may not cost Massachusetts so much as to build and equip an Asylum of its own, and to make it equal in excellence to that of Hartford. I have no doubt ample justice is done to each pupil at our venerable 'Alma Mater'. The deaf and dumb will please know that it is not how things are fixed this side of the Mississippi, that they want, but, virtually, a country and government of their own after they have graduated—no matter where.

J. J. F.

Near Athens, Ga. Feb. 1860.

AN ITEM ABOUT COTTON. The value of the cotton manufacturing industry of the world is estimated at \$600,000,000. Taking the population of the world at \$850,000,000, every man, woman, and child annually uses cotton goods to the value of seventy cents. Of the raw cotton produced, the United States supplies more than three-fourths. The value of raw cotton exported from the United States, in 1859, is about \$100,000,000.

For the Gallaudet Guide. The Tattler.

LETTER II.

MR. EDITOR.—While in my Dutch rocking chair, enjoying my segar,—a genuine luxury after tea, especially when the evening outside is dreary and the fireside inside genially cheerful,—my eyes roam over the tottering edifices, the flying populace, and the terrific eruption of Mt. Vesuvius. This whole scene is in a picture, which hangs above the mantle-piece, and which represents Pompeii in her last day of existence. I painted it several years ago.

Gazing at the figures in flight for dear life, my mind recurs to the graphic narrative of Pliny the Younger, concerning the eruption in A. D. 76, and the death of his uncle, Pliny the Elder.

Perhaps it would not be amiss to write here something about that doomed city, which today stands the most interesting ruins in the world, even not excepting Herculaneum. True, the ruins of the temples of Luxor and Carnac at Thebes, bear a grandeur of aspect that never fails to inspire travelers with awe and admiration; the colossal Memnonii and Sphynx gazing silently into the futurity of nations, and the Pyramids, though not exactly in ruins, convey an idea of the past greatness, power and wealth of ancient Egypt. But Thebes,—a city of which Homer sung:—

Not all proud Thebes' unrivalled walls contain,
The world's great empress, on the Egyptian plain;
That spreads her conquests o'er a thousand states,
And pours her heroes through a hundred gates—
Two hundred horsemen and two hundred cars,
From each wide portal issuing to the war.—

Where is that empress of the world? She has disappeared! Where are the famous cities of Palmyra, Baalbec and Persepolis? All gone out of sight,—leaving only a few mutilated columns of temples standing to this day!

Although Pompeii had no structures equal in vastness of dimensions to those of Thebes, Athens, Rome and others; although her wall, encompassing the whole city, as it has been traced around, was scarcely two miles long, which enclosed an area of but one hundred and sixty acres, she surpasses them all in one thing, which is, a whole city in nearly perfect preservation, together with the furniture, statues, paintings, ornaments, utensils of various trades, et cetera, left therein by the Pompeians, nearly twenty centuries ago. Their preservation is attributed solely to the protecting mass of volcanic matter, under which the city was buried.

After many years of repose, the volcano, in A. D. 63, awoke, roared, emitted smoke, gasses, steam and molten lava, which caused considerable damage to Pompeii and Herculaneum;—the latter most, for she stood at the foot of the mountain, while the former stood on a hill about five miles therefrom, with a valley between, that impeded the progress of the lava towards her.

The giant Vesuvius, probably ashamed of his igneous wrath, returned to his couch, and slept for sixteen years. Awakened by somebody—perhaps the gaseous goblins rolling impetuously heels over head through the subterranean cavities—perhaps Vulcan, Venus' husband, whose forge was at the bottom of Mount Etna, limping thunderingly through the main rocky channel, lying between the volcanoes, and breathing dire vengeance on Mars,—Vesuvius sprang to his feet, shook the earth,—growing all the time,—puffed forth black smoke and steam in vast volumes, and spouted fire,—pouring molten lava down to Herculaneum. Seeing that the lava could not reach Pompeii, the monster collected all his strength and with a force awful to contemplate, threw up, in rapidly successive puffs,

oke, mud, ashes and stones to so great height, that they all, spreading wide round, fell thickly upon the city. In this calamity many people perished,—among whom was Pliny the Elder.*

Phœnix-like, Pompeii, however, revived once more, but was again overwhelmed in A. D. 471.

Though her destruction and the dates of Vesuvius' eruptions attendant thereon were duly recorded in history, her exact location was lost sight of. The reason is that the layer of soil, having from year to year been accumulated over the mass, which buried the city, now revelled in verdant vegetation and in the shade of trees of many years' growth,—hence the impossibility to trace her lost site, notwithstanding the fact that the country people, living in the neighborhood, actually dug up wrought marble and antique objects in the very place.

At length, about sixty years ago, the long-lost city was accidentally discovered. She has since undergone considerable interment; all her treasures are at the present time in the Bourbon Museum at Naples.

However roofless the houses—most of them being in a state of remarkable preservation—enable us to form a pretty clear idea of the domestic architecture of Roman and Greek dwelling houses of yore, the many paintings on their walls, and the instruments of all professions and trades found therein, throw much light on the social condition of the Ancients in their different walks of life. In short, to attempt to detail her history and all the objects which have been brought to light, would indeed fill a large volume.

Vesuvius is still a rabid fire-eater—rather vomitter. So is Etna. Villages crowd upon their slopes, and their occupants seem to cling to the sunny yet dangerous sides of the volcanoes with an affection analogous to that of the wife of a sot, whose bosom burns with alcohol; vines, bearing luscious fruit, creep playfully about in their ravines,—a coincidence suggestive of life sporting in the midst of death—even in spite of fleas, bed-bugs, mendicants, etc., with which the Neapolitan kingdom swarms, tourists of all nations uniformly make it a rule to complete their tour with an ascent of the hoary sinner Vesuvius, roasting eggs in the still hot lava, looking down into the depths of the yawning crater, and finally wandering through the streets of his victim—The Disinterred City.

RAPHAEL PALETTE.

*Pliny, Caius Secundus, the Elder, was a Roman naturalist of pre-eminence. He was industrious, and always carried his tablets with him to note down all curious objects he saw and heard of. Happening to be on board of his vessel near Pompeii, he witnessed the eruption; and, strongly incited by curiosity, he went over to the house of a friend of his. He studied the phenomenon,—utterly heedless of the dangers pending over the city. Satisfied with this, the philosopher, cool as a cucumber, took a bath—a recreation he was passionately fond of—and then a nap, in the midst of the eruptive horrors of the moment. Fully refreshed, he again ventured out, to pursue his studies, but deemed it high time to beat a retreat. Alas! too late to effect his escape for he was overtaken and suffocated to death by the sulphurous smoke.

The Deaf Mute Christian Union, hold regular meetings for religious service, on Sundays, at their room, No. 9 Tremont Temple.

On Wednesday evenings there is a meeting for debates, discussions, or lectures. Friday evenings a prayer meeting is held in the same place. Friends are invited to attend.

A WARNING TO DEAF-MUTES. OBITUARY OF SAMUEL LYONS.

We frequently see notices of Deaf persons being killed while walking on railroads, and wonder why the first accident was not sufficient to give warning to all others.

No class of persons are more exposed to dangers than those deprived of hearing. While promenading streets, or walking on railroads, they are compelled continually to be on the *qui vive* for passing vehicles, cars, &c., or suffer the consequence of an accident. Many have

been killed while thoughtlessly walking on railroads, and those that have escaped death have, most of them, been maimed for life, and rendered objects of charity. From the many accidents that have occurred, we may infer that there is no time when a deaf person, (or any other I should say), can safely walk on a railroad; therefore it is earnestly hoped that all who appreciate life, will take warning and never put their feet on the railroad track again. It is a strange fact that the number of Deaf-Mutes thus killed, stands in the proportion of one to three against those that have received an education. To what can this be attributed? Is it because education shows them less how to appreciate life? I am of the opinion all is attributable to a little too much self-reliance.

The first mute killed by railroad, that was educated in the Buckeye State, was Samuel Lyons, who entered the Inst., in 1844, and graduated in 1849, and whose obituary notice I here give. The unfortunate man was born in Eden, Tp, Licking Co., Ohio on the 14th of Oct. 1828, and after receiving his education, returned home, where he remained with his aged parents, rendering them all the assistance in his power, thus showing himself a most dutiful son. The religious education imparted to him while in the Inst., proved of infinite value to him, as it taught him the immortality of the soul, and his duty to his Creator. His Sabbath days were spent either at church, or in the quiet home of his childhood, reading his Bible. Wishing to go to see a Deaf and Dumb lady living in Uniontown, Muskingum Co., O., to whom he was engaged in marriage, his father, on the 6th, of last Feb., hired a boy to convey him eight miles on the road, on horseback—where he intended to walk six miles farther to a friend's and put up for the night, and the next day take the cars in the Central R. R., for Zanesville. The wagon roads being at the time very muddy, he took the track of the Indiana and Steubenville R. R. in preference to the mud. Having a watch with him, he learned that the cars were thirty minutes ahead of him, according to the regular time and probably never dreamed of the impending danger. He was passing through a curving cut, within three-fourths of a mile of the place where he was to stop over night, and would in two minutes have left the track, but alas! his race was run ere that time, for the Lightning Train, bound east, being thirty minutes behind time, came along and knocked him off the track, just as he was in the act of looking round, breaking every bone in his left side, killing him instantly. His remains were respectfully placed in a coffin and conveyed to the bereaved parents, where a larger procession than was ever before seen in the neighborhood on such an occasion, attended it to its last resting place. The exact time he was killed was readily ascertained to be four minutes past five, P. M., as the crystal of his watch was broken and the hands mashed down to the face. It is hoped that however great his loss may be felt, his friends are cheered with the blessed consolation which their religion gives.

The cars were 180 yards from him when he was perceived, and after knocking him off, ran some distance before stopping. As cars at full speed can be stopped in a shorter run, it is the public opinion that his death is chargeable to the managers of the cars.

G. W. CHASE.
Columbus, Ohio, March 7th, 1860.

[For the Gallaudet Guide].

The Coates Lyceum.

MR. EDITOR.—According to promise I shall give you some more particulars about Mr. Comly Coates and our Lyceum. As I stated in my last communication, Mr. Coates was the founder and first president of our Lyceum. This body was organized through his efforts, in May, 1857; he was elected president,

and Mr. John Chapman was elected Secretary. The object of its organization was the moral and intellectual improvement of all connected with it, by lectures, debating, social advancement, and general literature.

At the time of its organization, there were but eight members of both sexes connected with the Lyceum, the first title of which was a "Literary Class." The time of holding its weekly meetings was on Thursday evenings.

The first annual election for officers of the Lyceum, took place on the last Thursday of December, 1857, and resulted in the re-election of Mr. Coates, as president, and of Mr. Chapman as secretary. The office of vice-president was instituted, and George W. Hoffman was elected. Several new plans and improvements were introduced for the better and more efficient management and advancement of the Lyceum, and it promised for that body, much usefulness and influence.

But our Lyceum was unfortunate in losing both the president and the secretary, by death, in the course of the year (1858.) As I have already said, the president, (Mr. Coates), departed this life on the 3rd of May. He was twenty-five years and four months old when he died. He was a man of much energy and influence, and a consistent Christian; he was beloved and esteemed by all who knew him. Our Lyceum sustained a great loss in his death.

Now I shall give you a brief biographical sketch of Mr. John Chapman, the secretary of our Lyceum, who died on the 11th of July, 1858, a little more than two months after Mr. Coates' death. He was born January 6th, 1827, which day, remarkable as it appears, was Mr. Coates' birth-day, the latter, was, however, born six years afterwards. John lost his hearing by gatherings in the head at one year of age. He was admitted into the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Philadelphia, October 22nd, 1835, and left that establishment, January 6th, 1844. He followed the business of a house-painter to the end of his life. He was good and meek; he was very kind and affectionate to his family, and obliging to his friends and others.

In the latter part of June, 1858, he went to Burlington, New Jersey, to visit his friends and to recruit his health, but some time afterwards he fell sick with inflammation of the stomach and bowels, which put an end to his earthly career at five o'clock on Sunday morning, the 11th of July. His age was thirty-one years, six months and five days. His body was brought back to Philadelphia the next day, and was interred in Glenwood Cemetery, on Ridge avenue, on Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. Chapman died in peace and joy expressing himself fully prepared to meet his God, and also expressing a hope to meet Mr. Coates, (or rather his soul), in heaven. While on his death-bed, he asked for a little drink, and when some water was given to him, he thanked those who had done it, for their kindness in giving him a good and refreshing drink; at the same time reminding them that our Saviour, when he was dying on the cross, asked for something to quench his thirst, but that instead of water, they gave him vinegar to drink.

Now it seems very remarkable that the two first officers who were elected at the organization of our Lyceum, have been taken away by a mysterious, but merciful Providence! We should all submit to His holy will, and not murmur against Him, for it should be borne in mind that human life is very short and uncertain! Are we prepared for death? Let us reflect on the future state, and prepare ourselves for eternity!

As to our Lyceum, I have something to add. While Mr. Coates was the president, there were several interesting and exciting debates. The first debate of

any importance was on "Which is the more beautiful production of nature, a girl or a strawberry?" It took a long time on both sides to discuss that question. Mr. Coates and myself were the only members in favor of a strawberry, because it is free from all impurities, both inside and outside, while a girl, though outwardly beautiful, is sinful inwardly!

In writing to a brother of mine, who lives in the western part of Pennsylvania I asked his opinion on the subject. He said he was of opinion that a girl was the most beautiful production of nature; at the same time asking me what was my opinion. I told him that I was in favor of a strawberry. Then he replied, "I still think that a girl is the most beautiful production of the earth. I will ask you if you did not think that a girl was the most beautiful in the summer of 1855, when you visited Miss——? If you did think so, what has changed your opinion so soon? What would the girls think of you and Mr. Comly Coates, who say that a strawberry, (which is nothing but a berry) is more beautiful than they? It is an insult to them. Do not you think it is?" When I wrote to him in return, giving him some reasons for thinking that a strawberry was more beautiful than a girl, it had the effect of changing his opinion, and he acknowledged that I was right in the matter. He is responsible for the following: "I agree with you now that a strawberry is the most beautiful production of nature, because it is free from all impurities, both inside and outside, while a girl who looks beautiful outwardly, is sinful inwardly. Indeed, the girls are very deceitful, at least the majority of them are, and whimsical. I presume that you see some girls in your city who look like tents, balloons, or haystacks. In our town they look ridiculous, parading through the streets, and filling the whole of the pavement, while a poor boy who chances to meet one of these living haystacks, walking on two feet, has to go into the mud to let one of these proud lasses go on without interruption. Sometimes I cannot help laughing at their hoops which make them look three times as big as any common girl without hoops. The day will come when they will have to leave their finery behind, when they will have to render up an account of how they spent their time and money here upon the earth. Then, of what use will be the finery which the girls use, when in a short time they will have to lay it aside, and their bodies which they think so much about, will be laid in the cold and silent tomb to be food for worms?"

Now, the lady readers of the 'Guide,' need not think hard of me, for I can assure them that I cherish no ill feelings against such girls as lead a chaste and respectable life. I confess that the opinion which I expressed during this debate has been altered to some degree, inasmuch as I have been much used to female society of late. I used to cry out, "hurra for old bachelors!" but now I have ceased doing so, though I still keep a bachelor's hall, as I have done for nearly three years, I am getting tired of a state of single blessedness. There is some reason to believe that my bachelor's hall will be converted into a nuptial chamber one of these days!

Now to return to the subject. Old people say that a strawberry is the most beautiful production of nature, but when they were young, they generally thought that a girl was the most beautiful production.

A little amusing incident may be related which occurred while this debate was proceeding. One of the members of our Lyceum took the floor, and made a few remarks to this effect:—"Suppose I take both my mother and my wife in a boat on the sea at a distance from the coast, and a storm comes on, which causes the sea to become so rough as to compel me to throw one of those persons overboard, in order to save the life of

the other; I would throw my mother overboard, in order to save the life of my wife." I do not agree with him on this point. It is my opinion that it would be more honorable and generous in a fellow to throw himself into the water, if he should find it impossible to save the lives of both his mother and wife!

There was another debate of considerable length and interest—it was on "From which do the passions proceed, the heart or the mind?" Mr. Coates delivered a very able and correct opinion on the question, setting forth, that most if not all of the passions proceed from the heart, and not from the mind."

There were several other subjects for discussion in our Lyceum, while Mr. Coates was the president; but the length of this article does not permit me to particularize them.

A MUTE PRINTER.

Philadelphia, March, 1860.

[For the Gallaudet Guide.]

MR. EDITOR.—Having failed to see any article inserted in or written for the "Guide and Companion," by any mute, either defending the American Asylum against the attempts to establish an institution in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to rival "Old Hartford," or condemning the scheme stirred up by one Amos Smith Jr.; I will assume the responsibility of protesting against the scheme to the best of my ability. The executive committee are understood to be active in praising the scheme, yet, I hope they will make no objections to the insertion of this article.

I am sorry to think, most, if not all of the officers of the N. E. G. Association should countenance the scheme, but I hope they do not mean to show any ingratitude towards the venerable founder of the American Asylum by such an act. The object of the Association is to carry out the principles of our first teacher, and therefore they ought to see the interests of the Asylum sustained. I dare say, the Association deserves to be worthless, if its officers intend, by pushing the project into practice to injure the interests of the Asylum, founded by that benefactor whose memory we all revere. They should be strictly neutral in such a scheme, both outside and inside the Association, unless they are willing to defend "Old Hartford" under all circumstances.

If Amos Smith, Jr., wishes to gratify his own ambition in some way, why does he not establish a school himself, to educate those mutes who may want his services, instead of agitating his favorite scheme and annoying the Massachusetts Legislature with petitions? It is very ridiculous in him to waste time and words on his project, while the people of New England do not need any more Asylums than what we have already. I do not wish to offend Mr. Smith, but I must speak as plainly about him as he does about the Principal of the Am. Asylum.

Now, Mr. Editor, we mutes, in Maine, in general, pledge ourselves to petition our legislature, to see that all deaf and dumb, who need an education are sent to Hartford exclusively, and to do what we can to render the success of Mr. Smith's scheme doubtful, if not impossible.

O, ye graduates of the Am. Asylum! rally and defend the interests of the noble institution where you obtained useful instruction, and defeat all schemes that may be calculated to damage the high and excellent reputation which she has long enjoyed. All honor to "Old Hartford."

C. A. BROWN.

Belfast, Me. March, 1860.

WHO ARE THE HAPPIEST MEN. They who live to benefit others—who are always ready with a kind word to encourage—a smile to cheer—a look to persuade, and a dollar to assist. They are never fearful least a good trade or an excellent bargain should fall into the hands of a poor neighbor, but the more rejoices when such an one meets with encouragement.

ONE BY ONE.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

One by one the sands are flowing
One by one the moments fall,
Some are coming, some are going,
Do not strive to catch them all.
One by one thy duties await thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one [bright gifts from heaven,]
Joys are sent thee here below,
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, to let them go.
One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band:
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow,
See how small each moment's pain,
God will help thee for to-morrow,
Every day begin again.
Every hour that flees so slowly,
Has its task to do or bear,
Luminous the crowd and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond,
Nor, thy daily toils forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.
Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching Heaven, but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere thy pilgrimage be done.

The Religious Instruction of Deaf Mutes.

THEIR INFLUENCE UPON OTHERS.

The moral and religious influence for good, of educated Deaf Mutes, upon their friends and relatives, and immediate associates, is greater than might, at first, be imagined, and constitutes one of the good results flowing from their education, collateral indeed, but not unworthy of observation. Coming, as they not unfrequently do, from families in which little or no attention is given to the institutions of religion, upon their return home, they are often a standing reproof, in their conduct and an example not to be overlooked, to their families and friends.

Their observance of the Sabbath is exact; their reading of the Scriptures, daily; their observation of secret prayer, constant; their moral conduct, pure; their temperance, scrupulous; their indignation at outbreathing vice, overflowing; their reproofs surprise and exact attention.

A father, on one occasion, taking his son home at vacation, on the way offered him a dram from a bottle which he carried in his pocket. The son rejected it with disgust, and told him to throw it against a tree. Even the intemperate father was so much pleased, he could not help repeating and confessing the reproof. Reproof or example from them arrests the most indifferent or callous. A couple of mute parents have brought up a family of children, now grown. Most, if not all of them, united with the Church by profession. One of these died in the triumph of Christian faith, universally lamented by a large acquaintance, to whom he had endeared himself by his amiable and sprightly character and manners. A girl who was brought to the Institution by her mother, who was a wanderer, and afterwards discovered to be a woman of bad morals, after her education, utterly refused to go again with her, when she returned for her some years after. Of course she was encouraged and sustained in her refusal; greatly, however, to the astonishment and grief of the mother, who claimed her parental rights and authority.

Educated mutes are generally industrious and capable farmers and mechanics. In mechanism they are sometimes ingenious and even original. The females become skillful in household duties. In minor morals and manners, they are sometimes examples to the rude and ignorant families with which they are connected. At school, they become not only improved in morals, but in manners, and carry home with them a better style of social conduct than they have been accustomed to. These unfortunate persons attracting attention from their peculiar condition, are, therefore, not without a useful influence upon society. Receiving from public charity the blessing of Christian instruction and enlightenment, they return to the bosom of society, by no means useless members, and contribute their share to its industry, morals, and religious improvement.

There are more than five hundred Deaf Mutes in Kentucky. The influence of

their religious and moral instruction tells directly upon their temporal and eternal welfare; but not upon it alone. Five hundred families, through the length and breadth of the land, are more or less influenced for good through these silent but not unimportant members of each social circle in which they are objects of the deepest interest and affection. But their influence radiates even beyond these circles, and reaches to their neighbors, and all with whom they associate, the instructor of the Deaf Mutes, has, therefore, a wider field of operation than at first sight appears. Many have very imperfect ideas not only of the manner of instructing this unfortunate class, which seems to them mysterious, but also of wide and useful influence exerted by it. No branch of instruction perhaps requires higher qualifications both of intellect and acquirement to its perfect success. In the instruction of ordinary children, it is possible to make it merely verbal, ideas may not really be communicated or received,—mere words only. It is not so in the instruction of Deaf Mutes. If ideas are not fully imparted, nothing is obtained either really or seemingly. Without a clear comprehension of the things and words necessary to be taught by the instructor himself, he cannot by mere words impose upon himself or others. A searching analysis is necessary to make any progress in the instruction of Deaf Mutes,—a real progress must be made,—and every step lays a new foundation for farther advancement. It is slow but sure.

Better than Argument.

The following incident which is taken from the Witness, is a beautiful commentary on Christ's example and requirements:

"Eight persons were baptized on the last Sabbath into the fellowship of the Indianapolis Baptist Church, by the pastor, James B. Simmons. Four of them were pupils of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum. Their experiences were marked and clear, and eminently satisfactory to all who heard them. God's work on the soul was clearly discernible.

Professor Gillett, one of the teachers in the Asylum, and deacon in Mr. Simmons' church, acted as interpreter. Large audiences flocked to hear their experiences. No instructions whatever being allowed to be given on denominational questions in the Asylum, it is a noteworthy fact that these deaf mutes embraced the Baptist faith by reading the New Testament alone; and yet not very note-worthy after all, since this is the way true Baptists are always made. If the New Testament does not make men Baptists, then it is not desirable that they should be Baptists.

In the course of the relation of experiences, one of the deaf mutes expressed strong love for Christ. Immediately after this the following brief dialogue took place between the pastor and the mute:

Pastor, "Why do you love Christ?"
Deaf Mute, "Because he has forgiven all my sins."
P. "Why do you wish to join the church?"
D. M. "Because the church belongs to Christ!"
P. "Why do you wish to be baptized?"
D. M. "Because Christ requires it."
P. How do you wish to be baptized. In what manner?"
D. M. "As Christ was; by immersion in a stream."
P. "Why be so particular? Why not be sprinkled?"
D. M. "Christ is silent on the subject of sprinkling!"

HOPE AND FORGIVENESS.—Is not this pretty and suggestive?

Among some of the South Sea Islanders, the compound word for hope is beautifully expressive; it is manalana, or the swimming thought—faith floating and keeping its head aloft above water, when all the waves and billows are going over one—a strikingly beautiful definition of hope, worthy to be set down along with the answer which a deaf and dumb person wrote with his pencil, in reply to the question, "What is your idea of forgiveness?" "It is the odor which flowers yield when trampled on."

ACCIDENT. An uneducated deaf and dumb lad, named Tra-kee, was run over in Carpenter St., on the evening of the 13th ult., and had his leg broken. He was taken to the residence of Mr. G. W. Wright, where he received every attention until he could be sent home.

(Prov. (R. I.) Eve. Press.

A deaf and dumb boy at an examination at the Institution in London, a few days ago, on being asked "Who made the world?" immediately wrote: "The beginning God created the heavens and earth."

A German then inquired in a similar manner, "Why did Jesus come into the world?" when again the little boy, with a bright smile on his countenance, indicating delight and gratitude, wrote: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners."

A third question was then proposed, evidently adapted to call the most powerful feelings into exercise.

"Why were you born deaf and dumb, while I can hear and speak?"
"Never," said an eye witness, "shall I forget the resignation which sat upon his countenance, as he took the chalk and wrote: 'Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight.'"

FEMALE GRIT.—In a town not far from Boston, resides a gentleman who does not sympathize with John Brown, and who does business in the city. On the day of the execution of John Brown, this gentleman heard some conversation about having the village bells tolled. He had a large United States flag for public occasions, and when he left home he directed some person of his house to run up that flag if the bells were tolled. As the hour of twelve approached, the bells sent forth a doleful peal, and straightway the stars and stripes fluttered from the cupola of the non-sympathiser. A company was detached from the bell-rope to regulate this unsightly symbol of joy. None but the ladies of the house were at home when the party arrived and asked what the flag meant. The ladies replied that they did not know; they must ask the men folks who were absent. "Well," said they, "we must take that flag down." The ladies mildly advised them to refrain, the first lady of the house pointed to an immense dog chained near by, and told their visitors that if they attempted to disturb the flag, she should unchain the dog. The dog had a formidable reputation in the quiet town, and the party left. A petition has now been presented to the Selectmen to have the dog killed.—[Boston Journal.

The New Orleans Picayune notices the fact that the last annual report of the Louisiana Institution for the Deaf and Dumb was printed by the inmates of the institution from the setting of the type to the press work. By an act of the Legislature, approved last March, the Board of Administrators were authorized to introduce printing for the purpose of instructing pupils. This was done, and the Board say that the mute boys engaged in setting type and in press work, have learned with twofold the rapidity of speaking persons under similar circumstances. They are passionately fond of the occupation, and prefer engaging in it to any of the other recreations. Their teachers find that it furnishes an important auxiliary to the department of instruction, a good scholar and a good printer can be made of a mute sooner than it would be possible to render him either, alone.

REMARKABLE CURE BY THE POLICE OF A DEAF AND DUMB MAN.—AN IMPOSTOR ARRESTED.—Yesterday afternoon City Marshal Kelley of Charlestown, arrested on suspicion of being an impostor, a man who pretended to be deaf and dumb. His arrest was accomplished through information furnished by a gentleman of whom this man by means of false papers and representations obtained a donation in money. Upon being taken to the station house his tongue became suddenly loosened and he demanded why he was arrested, and appeared to feel quite indignant at the treatment he received. Upon searching him a number of letters were found in his possession purporting to be from Rev. D. Kennedy, Charles S. Robinson, M. S. T. Beaman and D. Covell, of Troy, N. Y.; M. L. P. Thompson, A. T. Chester, and Arthur Prentiss, Buffalo, N. Y.; Charles M. N. Cushing, J. N. Campbell and Ray Palmer, Albany, N. Y.; Revs. T. H. Tousey and J. H. McIlvane, Rochester, N. Y.; Rev. N. M. Gaylord of Boston, and others, in all of which he was alluded to as a poor unfortunate deaf and dumb man, who was worthy of their aid and sympathy. In Charlestown he obtained \$15 from Hon. Timothy T. Sawyer, Rev. A. G. Laurie and Isaac Cook. His modus operandi was to get the name of some well known gentleman, append it to a note stating who he was &c. &c., and by this means he worked with considerable success. He is a man of about 30 years, dresses in dark clothes and drab cap and spectacles. His name is Theodore Smith alias J. N. Desmains, a Swede. He says that he was born in Boston, and is an architect. It is hoped that persons who have been victimized by this man will call upon City Marshal Kelley, as he wishes to rid the community of such impostors.

HEARING THROUGH THE THROAT.—I will state a fact: a friend, who is so utterly deaf as to be almost beyond relief from any of the mechanical inventions now in use for the aid of persons afflicted with deafness, walked into a chapel, and took his seat on one of the open benches. He heard nothing of the sermon then and there delivered, until, from mere listlessness he placed the rim of the crown of his hat in his mouth; he heard distinctly. He has frequently repeated the experiment in my presence, with the same result; and where the opportunity is afforded him he places his hat between his lips, and carries on a conversation, speaking in the usual way, and hearing as I have described. "I have made the experiment with many deaf persons, and generally with success. I leave the learned in acoustics to explain; I only state fact, and every one can make the experiment. Is it the open mouth, or has the reverberation of sound on the hat any thing to do with the effects produced? Look on a crowd of listeners, eager to catch the voice of the speaker—they sit with open mouth: 'With locks thrown back and lips apart,' 'in listening mood,' etc., is the poet's description of the 'Lady of the Lake.' It is almost impossible to make use of the hat as an article; but I venture to think that if science would apply its efforts to hearing through the throat, following nature as a guide, more would be done for the sorest evil that can afflict humanity than has yet been effected. 'The obstructed path of sound' I am persuaded may be searched in this way.—English Notes and Queries.

The Great Mystery.

The following beautiful passage is taken from Timothy Titecomb's or Dr. Holland's "preaching upon Popular Proverbs."

"The body is to die; so much is certain. What lies beyond? No one who passes the charmed boundary comes back to tell. The imagination visits the realms of shadows—sent out from some window of the soul over life's restless waters, but wings its way wearily back with an olive leaf in its beak, as a token of emerging life beyond the closely bending horizon. The great sun comes and goes in heaven, yet breathes no secret of the ethereal wilderness; the crescent moon cleaves her nightly passage across the upper deep, but tosses overboard no message and displays no signals. The sentinel stars challenge each other as they walk their nightly rounds, but we catch no syllable of their countersign which gives passage to the heavenly camp. Shut in! Shut in! Between this and the other life is a great gulf fixed, across which neither eye nor foot can travel. The gentle friend whose eyes we closed in their last sleep long years ago died with rapture in her woe-stricken eyes, a smile of ineffable joy upon her lips, and hands folded over a triumphant heart; but her lips were past speech, and intimated nothing of the vision that enthralled her."

Never Despair.

The mother of John Wesley taught him the alphabet nineteen times, failing of permanent success the eighteenth; but he afterwards became minister and reformer, taking for a motto: "The world is my parish," and he is said to have travelled some two hundred and fifty thousand miles, principally on horseback, written two hundred volumes of books, preached more than forty thousand sermons, and given away a hundred thousand dollars in charity. He was the originator of an Evangelical sect which numbered, while he lived, two thousand ministers and eighty thousand church members, and is now multiplied to thousands and tens of thousands of apostles, and more than a million of disciples scattered throughout the entire world.

TEST OF CHARACTER.—If you find a man disposed to complain of the coldness of the world, be sure you will find that he has never brought anything into the world to warm it, but is a personal lump of ice set in the midst of it. If you find a man who complains that the world is all base and hollow, tap him, and he will probably sound base and hollow. And so, in the other way, a kind man will probably find kindness about him.—[Dr. Chapin.]

A deaf and dumb child, when asked to describe lightning, said it was "the opening and shutting of God's eye."

ORATORY. There are periods in the history of most civilized persons where oratory holds supreme the forces of rule state and is among its glories. They are not the most prosperous periods nor those which exhibit the highest civilization. The age of Demosthenes was on age of national decline for Athens, and that of Cicero was perhaps the most corrupt in Latin History. In our country, we cannot but think that a exaggerated value has hitherto been placed on oratorical art,—an art which English civilization in Great Britain has outgrown and in which the highest proficiency by no means proportioned to general ability and intellectual greatness;—an art whose essence, by confession of most celebrated master, consists in something nearly allied to jugglery.—[Christian Examiner.

CRIME IN MASSACHUSETTS. From the returns made to the Secretary of the Commonwealth, by the keepers of jails and houses of correction in this State, it appears that the number of persons committed to those institutions during the year ending Oct. 1, 1859, was 13,466 of whom 10,829 were males and 2,637 females. The number of natives of the State was 3185, of whom 320 could not read or write. The whole number who could not read or write was 549. Number who have been intemperate 8081. Number committed as witnesses 776. The whole amount of money expended by the State on account of these individuals, including maintenance, officers' salaries, &c., was \$316,252. The value of the labor of prisoners amounted to \$49,902.

A DEAF MUTE ON TRIAL FOR MURDER.—A deaf mute has been put upon his trial, on a charge of murder, at Oxford, N. C. The preliminary question was, as to whether he was of sufficient mind to understand the nature of the trial and his own rights. A special verdict for the prisoner was agreed upon, and the case carried up to the Supreme Court of the State. If the Supreme Court grants a new trial, the whole issue will have to be gone through with again. If a new trial is refused, the prisoner's life is saved, but he will have to be placed in a Lunatic Asylum.

A NOSE CUT OFF.—A DEAF MUTE KILLED.—On Saturday night, Nick Altmyer, a deaf mute, was stabbed, and instantly killed, in the house of Mary Yainer, near the corner of Second and Water streets. The murder was perpetrated by one of two men who went there, it is said, for the purpose of assaulting the woman of the house. We are told that, when they entered the room, one of them said to the woman he intended to kill her, and made a hostile demonstration. She retreated to an adjoining room, where the men pursued her. The deceased was in the house, and interfered in behalf of the woman. He threw one of the men down stairs, and the other drew a knife, and stabbed Altmyer, who fell dead in his tracks. The murderer immediately fled, and both of them, for the time, made their escape.

Subsequently, William Thompson, Alias Davis, who, it is suspected, was concerned in the murder, was arrested in this way: About 12 o'clock, this man aroused Henry Conley, whose house is near the scene, by knocking at his front door. When he opened the door, the man slashed him in the face with a razor, severing his nose and cutting his face terribly. The assassin fled, but was followed by a negro of Conley's. The faithful slave chased Thompson several squares, and on Brook street overtook and knocked him down with a brickbat. He then mounted the fellow, and held him down until policeman Thomas Antle, who was also after him, came up and conducted the man to jail. The razor was found but a few yards from where the negro felled him.

It is believed he killed Altmyer. We are informed that it will be proved that Thompson went to Brown's house, in Gray's alley, about 9 o'clock Saturday night, and stating that he had stabbed a man, asked for a razor to shave off his whiskers. He was newly shaved when arrested. He also disguised himself, and left the place. He suits the description of one of the murderers as given by Mary Yainer.

It is alleged that Thompson and his accomplice, who escaped, intended to kill the woman, because she was instrumental in holding over for a felony one F. Hofman, who is now in jail. Conley was a witness in the case, and this alone could have excited the vengeful passions of the assassins. [Louisville Courier.